

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 592.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 19.

Translated for this Journal.

## From Mendelssohn's Letters. New Volume.

TO FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY IN DÜSSELDORF, FROM HIS FATHER.\*

Berlin, March 10, 1835.

This is the third letter that I write to you this week, and if it goes on in this way, the reading of my letters will become a standing article in your budget of time-expenses; but then you must charge it to your own account, for you are spoiling me through praise. I pass at once to the musical part of your last letter.

I am particularly struck with your remark, that Sebastian Bach transforms every room, where he is sung, into a church; and so upon a single hearing the conclusion of the piece you mention has made the same impression upon me. Otherwise I confess I cannot get over my aversion to figured Chorals in general, because I do not understand precisely the idea that lies at their foundation, especially where the two contending masses are kept in equilibrium of power. Where, as for example in the first chorus of the *Passion*, the Choral only forms a more weighty and consistent part of the whole, or where, as in the above mentioned piece of the Cantata, if I remember rightly after this single hearing, the Choral is the main building, and the single voice only an ornament, I can more readily conceive of the idea and object,—but not at all where the figure executes variations in a certain sense upon the theme. It will never do to trifle with the Choral. The highest aim with it is, that the people sing it purely with the accompaniment of the organ,—every thing else appears to me idle and unchurchlike.

At the last music morning at Fanny's\* the motet of Bach: *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*, and your *Ave Maria* were sung by select voices. A large passage of the latter, in the middle, as well as the end also, seemed to me too artificial and difficult for the simply pious and altogether genuine Catholic style, which for the rest prevails in it. Now if Rebecca\* remarks that some confusion occurred in the execution of the very passages which I have regarded as too difficult, it only proves that I am an ignoramus, but not that the end is not too subtly modulated. Now as regards Bach, the piece named seems to me altogether wonderful. The introduction, which Fanny played particularly finely, has surprised me and taken hold of me as nothing has done for a long time, and I was forced again to think of Bach's solitude, of his utterly isolated position among his surroundings and contemporaries, of his pure, mild, immense power, and the clearness of his depth. Of the single pieces, "*Bestelle dein Haus*," and "*Es ist der alte Bund*," impressed me

instantly and lastingly; but the Bass aria with the alto solos less. What first became clear to me in the *Passion* music, that Bach is the musical representative of Protestantism, grows positively or negatively evident to me in every new piece that I hear of him;—thus lately through the Mass, which I heard in the Academy, and which seems to me most decidedly anti-Catholic; all its great beauties seem to me to avail as little towards solving the intrinsic contradiction, as it would to have Mass read in a Protestant church by a Protestant clergyman. At the same time it became clear to me anew, what a great service Zelter has done in giving Bach back to the Germans; for between Forkel and him Bach was little talked of, and what little talk there was, was almost solely about the "Well-tempered Clavichord." On him first dawned the true light about Bach, through the possession of other works of his, with which he became acquainted as a collector, and taught others to know as a true artist. His Friday musical performances are another proof that nothing, which is begun in earnest and silently continued without interruption, can be without results. It is at least made out, that your musical direction would without Zelter have been a wholly different one.

Your proposal, to restore Handel in his original form, has suggested to me some thoughts about the later instrumentation of his works. Here the question commonly arises, whether Handel, if he wrote to-day, would not make use of all the musical means now at hand for the composition of his oratorios, which after all amounts simply to this: whether the artistic moral phenomenon, to which we give the name of Handel, would assume the same outward form to-day, that it had 100 years ago; or in a wider sense, whether the world to-day looks as it did 100 years ago;—to which the answer is self-evident. But one must put the question otherwise: not whether Handel would compose his oratorios to-day as he did 100 years ago, but whether he would compose oratorios at all. Hardly perhaps, if they are now to be written only as they have been in these latest times. From my saying this to you you may infer, how full of expectation and of confidence I look forward to your own oratorio, which, it is to be hoped, will solve the problem of the union of the old feeling with the new means; else it will fail of effect, just as surely as those painters of the 19th century would only make themselves ridiculous, who should try to reproduce the religiosity of the 15th century with long arms and legs and a perspective set upon the head. To me the new means, as indeed every thing in the world, seem to have come at the right time to support and quicken the inner motives as they grew weaker; for on that height of religious feeling, on which Bach, Handel and their contemporaries found themselves, they needed no great orchestra for their oratorios; and I myself remember very well, in my earliest years, how the "*Messiah*," "*Judas*" and "*Alexander's Feast*," just as Handel wrote them, and even without

organ, were given to the delight and edification of all.

But how is the thing to be come at now, when noise in music has gradually developed in the same ratio with its emptiness of thought? The orchestra is here, and will retain its present form for a long while perhaps without essential alteration. But riches is only then a fault, when one knows not how to use it. How then shall the riches of the orchestra be used? What occasion can the poet give to it, and in what regions, or shall the music separate itself entirely from the poetry and work independently and purely? I do not believe that it will be able to do the latter, at least only in a limited degree, and not with general validity; but for the former an object would have to be found, as well for music as for painting, which by its truth to inward feeling, by its universal validity and intelligibility, should be able to supply the place of the earlier religious objects. Now I cannot help fancying that Haydn's two oratorios are a very remarkable manifestation also in this regard. Both the poems are weak, considered as such; but they have in a very happy manner, instead of the old positive and almost supersensual religious motive, seized the one which Nature, as the visible emanation of Deity, in her universality and her thousandfold individuality, inspires in every open soul. Hence the infinitely deep, but also cheerful, universally current and certainly truly religious effect of these two works, which to this day stand entirely alone;—hence the working together of all the trivial, playful details with the grandest and truest feeling of gratitude, which gushes from the whole; and hence too it comes, that, I at least, would be as unwilling to miss the crowing of the cock, the singing of the lark, the lowing of the cattle, and the merriment of the country people, whether in the "*Creation*" or the "*Seasons*," as in Nature itself. In other words: the "*Creation*" and the "*Seasons*" are founded upon Nature and the visible worship of God, and shall there not still be found new stuff for music there?

The publication of Goethe's "*Correspondence with a Child*," I hold to be a scandalous and pernicious misuse of the press, whereby faster and faster all illusion, without which life is a death, is destroyed. May you be happy with illusions and preserve the childlike attachment to your

FATHER.

TO HIS FATHER.

Düsseldorf, March 23, 1835.

DEAR FATHER,—I have got to thank you for the last letter and my *Ave*; I am often at a loss to comprehend how it is possible to have so accurate a judgment about music, without being technically musical; and if I could say that which I certainly *feel* about it, as clearly and intuitively as you do, the moment you speak about it, I would never again make a single confused speech in all my life. A thousand thanks for it, and for your words about Bach. You have, to be sure, after a single imperfect hearing of my piece,

\* Mendelssohn's brother, who edits the Letters, says: "The following letter from Mendelssohn's father will certainly be read with interest, as it sheds a clear light on the intellectual relations between father and son." It has been selected out of a large number of similar import.

\* Mendelssohn's sister, who married the painter Hensel, and lived in Berlin.

\* Rebecca Dirichlet, another sister of Mendelssohn.

found out what I have only now after a long acquaintance found, and I ought perhaps to feel a little mortified about it; and then after all it is a joy to me to know that such a clearness of feeling in music exists, and that you have got just that; for the whole trouble in the end, and in the middle passage, lies in such little faults, which could have been corrected with so few notes (namely by striking them out), that neither I nor any other musician would have come upon it without frequent hearing, since as a rule we seek much deeper. It injures the simplicity of the sound, which is just what pleases me in the beginning; and though I also think it would strike one less in a perfect execution, especially with a large choir, still the effect will never be just what it should be. Another time I will do it better. But I should like to have you hear the Bach once more, because a piece, to which you attach less consequence, pleases me the most of all:—it is the Alto and Bass aria; only the Choral must be sung by many alto voices, and the Bass be sung very finely. Splendid as are the pieces: "*Beste Stelle dein Haus*" and "*Es ist der alte Bund*," yet there is something very sublime and deep-felt in the plan of the following piece, in the way that the Alto begins, and the Bass breaks in all fresh and new, and sticks to his words, while the Choral enters as a third party, and then the Bass joyfully concludes, but the Choral not for a long time, but keeps singing on more and more quietly and earnestly. Moreover it is peculiar with this music;—it must fall very early, or very late in Bach's career; for it differs entirely from the usual mode of writing of his middle period; and the first chorus sentences and the concluding chorus are such, that I should not have taken them for Sebastian Bach, but for some other composer of that time; whereas no other man can have made one bar of the middle pieces.

Mother is not quite just to Miller; for, in spite of his pleasures and honors in Paris and his backslidings in Frankfurt, he writes, that he envies me my place here on the Rhine with all its disagreeable features; and as another may perhaps be found in Germany, I do not give up the hope of persuading him back out of the Parisian honor and pleasure atmosphere into the work room.

Now farewell, dear father. Pray let me hear from you soon and much. Your FELIX.

### What They Say of the Great Organ.

From the *Atlantic Monthly*, (O. W. Holmes).

The great organ of the Music Hall is a choir of nearly six thousand vocal throats. Its largest wind-pipes are thirty-two feet in length, and a man can crawl through them. Its finest tubes are too small for a baby's whistle. Eighty-nine stops produce the various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable, from the purest solo of a singing nun to the loudest chorus in which all its groups of voices have their part in the full flow of its harmonies. Like all instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals, or hand key-boards, and two pedals\*, or foot key-boards, command these several systems,—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ, and the great organ, and the piano and forte pedal-organ. Twelve pairs of bellows, which it is intended to move by water-power, derived from the Cochituate reservoirs, furnish the breath which pours itself forth in music. Those beautiful effects for which the organ is incomparable, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*,—the gradual rise of the sound from the lowest murmur to

the loudest blast, and the dying fall by which it steals gently back into silence,—the *dissolving views*, so to speak, of harmony,—are not only provided for in the swell-organ, but may be obtained by special adjustments from the several systems of pipes and from the entire instrument.

It would be anticipating the proper time for judgment, if we should speak of the excellence of the musical qualities of the great organ before having had the opportunity of hearing its full powers displayed. We have enjoyed the privilege, granted to few as yet, of listening to some portions of the partially mounted instrument, from which we can confidently infer that its effect, when all its majestic voices find utterance, must be noble and enchanting beyond all common terms of praise. But even without such imperfect trial, we have a right, merely from a knowledge of its principles of construction, of the preëminent skill of its builder, of the time spent in its construction, of the extraordinary means taken to insure its perfection, and of the liberal scale of expenditure which has rendered all the rest possible, to feel sure that we are to hear the instrument which is and will probably long remain beyond dispute the first of the New World and second to none in the Old in the sum of its excellences and capacities.

The mere comparison of numbers of pipes and of stops, or of external dimensions, though it gives an approximative idea of the scale of an organ, is not so decisive as it might seem as to its real musical effectiveness. In some cases, many of the stops are rather nominal than of any real significance. Even in the Haarlem organ, which has only about two-thirds as many as the Boston one, Dr. Burney says, "The variety they afford is by no means what might be expected." It is obviously easy to multiply the small pipes to almost any extent. The dimensions of an organ, in its external aspect, must depend a good deal on the height of the edifice in which it is contained. Thus, the vaulted roof of the Cathedral of Ulm permitted the builder of our Music-Hall organ to pile the *façade* of the one he constructed for that edifice up to the giddy elevation of almost a hundred feet, while the famous instrument in the Town Hall of Birmingham has only three-quarters of the height of our own, which is sixty feet. It is obvious also that the effective power of an organ does not depend merely on its size, but that the perfection of all its parts will have quite as much to do with it. In judging a vocalist, we can form but a very poor guess of the compass, force, quality of the voice from a mere inspection of the throat and chest. In the case of the organ, however, we have the advantage of being able to minutely inspect every throat and larynx, to walk into the interior of the working mechanism, and to see the adaptation of each part to its office. In absolute power and compass the Music Hall organ ranks among the three or four mightiest instruments ever built. In the perfection of all its parts, and in its whole arrangements, it challenges comparison with any the world can show.

Such an instrument ought to enshrine itself in an outward frame that should correspond in some measure to the grandeur and loveliness of its own musical character. It has been a dream of metaphysicians, that the soul shaped its own body. If this many-throated singing creature could have sung itself into an external form, it could hardly have moulded one more expressive of its own nature. We must leave to those more skilled in architecture the detailed description of that noble *façade* which fills the eye with music as the voices from behind it fill the mind through the ear with vague, dreamy pictures. For us it loses all technical character in its relations to the soul of which it is the body. It is as if a glorious anthem had passed into outward solid form in the very ecstasy of its grandest chorus. Milton has told us of such a miracle, wrought by fallen angels, it is true, but in a description rich with all his opulence of caressing and ennobling language:—

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures grav'n."

The structure is of black walnut, and is covered with carved statues, busts, masks, and figures in the boldest relief. In the centre a richly ornamented arch contains the niche for the key-boards and stops. A colossal mask of a singing woman looks from over its summit. The pediment above is surmounted by the bust of Johann Sebastian Bach. Behind this rises the lofty central division, containing pipes, and crowning it is a beautiful sitting statue of Saint Cecilia, holding her lyre. On each side of her a griffin sits as guardian. This centre is connected by harp-shaped compartments, filled with pipes, to the

two great round towers, one on each side, and each of them containing three colossal pipes. These magnificent towers come boldly forward into the hall, being the most prominent, as they are the highest and statelyst, part of the *façade*. At the base of each a gigantic half-caryatid, in the style of the ancient *hermæ*, but finished to the waist, bends beneath the superincumbent weight, like Atlas under the globe. These figures are of wonderful force, the muscular development almost excessive, but in keeping with their superhuman task. At each side of the base two lion-*hermæ* share in the task of the giant. Over the base rise the round pillars which support the dome and inclose the three great pipes already mentioned. Graceful as these look in their position, half a dozen men might creep into one of them and lie hidden. A man of six feet high went up a ladder, and standing at the base of one of them could just reach to put his hand into the mouth at its lower part, above the conical foot. The three great pipes are crowned by a heavily sculptured, ribbed, rounded dome; and this is surmounted, on each side, by two cherubs, whose heads almost touch the lofty ceiling. This whole portion of the sculpture is of eminent beauty. The two exquisite cherubs of one side are playing on the lyre and the lute; those of the other side on the flute and the horn. All the reliefs that run round the lower portion of the dome are of singular richness. We have had an opportunity of seeing one of the artist's photographs, which showed in detail the full-length figures and the large central mask of this portion of the work, and found them as beautiful on close inspection as the originals at a distance.

Two other lateral compartments, filled with pipes, and still more suggestive of the harp in their form, lead to the square lateral towers. Over these compartments, close to the round tower, sits on each side a harper, a man on the right, a woman on the left, with their harps, all apparently of natural size. The square towers, holding pipes in their open interior, are lower than the round towers, and fall somewhat back from the front. Below, three colossal *hermæ* of Sibyl-like women perform for them the office which the giants and the lion-shapes perform for the round towers. The four pillars which rise from the base are square, and the dome which surmounts them is square also. Above the dome is a vase-like support, upon which are disposed figures of the lyre and other musical symbols.

The whole base of the instrument, in the intervals of the figures described, is covered with elaborate carvings. Groups of musical instruments, standing out almost detached from the background, occupy the panels. Ancient and modern, clustered with careless grace and quaint variety, from the violin down to a string of sleigh-bells, they call up all the echoes of forgotten music, such as the thousand-tongued organ blends together in one grand harmony.

The instrument is placed upon a low platform, the outlines of which are in accordance with its own. Its whole height is about sixty feet, its breadth forty-eight feet, and its average depth twenty-four feet. Some idea of its magnitude may be got from the fact that the wind-machinery and the swell-organ alone fill up the whole recess occupied by the former organ, which was not a small one. All the other portions of the great instrument come forward into the hall.

In front of its centre stands Crawford's noble bronze statue of Beethoven, the gift of our townsman, Mr. Charles C. Perkins. It might be suggested that so fine a work of Art should have a platform wholly to itself; but the eye soon reconciles itself to the position of the statue, and the tremulous atmosphere which surrounds the vibrating organ is that which the almost breathing figure would seem to delight in, as our imagination invests it with momentary consciousness.

As we return to the impression produced by the grand *façade*, we are more and more struck with the subtle art displayed in its adaptations and symbolism. Never did any structure we have looked upon so fully justify Madame de Staël's definition of architecture as "frozen music." The outermost towers, their pillars and domes, are all square, their outlines thus passing without too sudden transitions from the sharp square angles of the vaulted ceiling and the rectangular lines of the walls of the hall itself into the more central parts of the instrument, where a smoother harmony of outline is predominant. For in the great towers, which step forward, as it were, to represent the meaning of the entire structure, the lines are all curved, as if the slight discords which gave sharpness and variety to its less vital portions were all resolved as we approached its throbbing heart. And again, the half fantastic repetitions of musical forms in the principal outlines—the lyre-like shape of the bases of the great towers, the harp-like figure of the connecting wings, the clustering heads of the columns—fill the mind with musical sugges-

\* Only one; six of the Pedal stops, to be as re are placed in the Swell box but the same keyboard command both them and the forte Pedal, Eo.

† There are but six pairs of feeder bellows. Eo.



tions, and dispose the wondering spectator to become the entranced listener.


The great organ would be but half known, if it were not played in a place fitted for it in dimensions. In the open air the sound would be diluted and lost; in an ordinary hall the atmosphere would be churned into a mere tumult by the vibrations. The Boston Music Hall is of ample size to give play to the waves of sound, yet not so large that its space will not be filled and saturated with the overflowing resonance. It is one hundred and thirty feet in length by seventy-eight in breadth and sixty-five in height, being thus of somewhat greater dimensions than the celebrated Town Hall of Birmingham. At the time of building it, (1852,) its great height was ordered partly with reference to the future possibility of its being furnished with a large organ. It will be observed that the three dimensions above given are all multiples of the same number, thirteen, the length being ten times, the breadth six times and the height five times this number. This is in accordance with Mr. Scott Russell's recommendation, and has been explained by the fact that vibrating solids divide into *harmonic lengths*, separated by *nodal points* of rest, and that these last are equally distributed at aliquot parts of its whole length. If the whole extent of the walls be in vibration, its angles should come in at the nodal points in order to avoid the confusion arising from different vibrating lengths; and for this reason they are placed at aliquot parts of its entire length. Thus the hall is itself a kind of passive musical instrument, or at least a sounding-board, constructed on theoretical principles. Whatever is thought of the theory, it proves in practice to possess the excellence which is liable to be lost in the construction of the best-designed edifice.

From the New York Tribune, Nov. 6.

I hesitate to approach a description of the instrument, either as it regards its external appearance, or as respects its contents as an instrument. Externally, it is so vast, so utterly beyond and so entirely different from anything in the form of an organ that we have seen in this country, that to speak of its exterior as a *case*, as we are wont to do, is an absurdity, and even the German word, *Orgel-gehäuse*, the organ *House*, we feel to be inadequate to express the huge proportions, the elaborate decorations and matchless symmetry of this wonderful Palace of Harmony. It is surely, at least, a place where the Queen of Harmony may dwell, if not a *Temple* in which her patron saint may be fitly worshipped.

Let me attempt to give, in a few words, an idea of its size, as the spectator sees it from the front. The beautiful, exquisitely carved statues that surmount it, almost touch the lofty gold-ribbed ceiling, sixty-five feet from the floor where the spectator sits, and these lovely cherubs, and the holy Saint Cecilia, which, when you stood beside them before they were raised to these giddy pinnacles, towered above your head, seem dwarfed to exquisite statuettes; while far below the floor are the works which give breath to the great instrument—the bellows—worked by an ingenious application of *water-power*, happily overcoming the difficulty of finding always ready a half dozen brawny laborers to do this indispensable work.

The breadth of the organ is about fifty feet, nearly the whole width of the stage. The central portion projects 18 feet from the stage from the end wall, the swell organ and a part of the wind work occupying a large recess beyond the stage entirely out of sight. I know nothing that so nearly gives an idea of the ground plan as the conventional form of bow (which (audience)

perhaps types can give thus: ). The keyboard

of four manuals is in the centre beneath a beautifully-carved arch, wreathed with acanthus leaves, surmounted by a colossal female head, open-mouthed, as if *singing*. Above this a magnificent bust of the great master of the organ, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, grand and solemn in its aspect, looks down, colossal, upon the multitude, and still below, the motto, "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

Most conspicuous of all parts are the lofty towers that rise on each side of the centre, each containing three of the great 32-foot pipes of solid tin, shining like burnished silver. The eye follows these glittering columns to the richly carved dome that caps the towers, surmounted, high above all, by groups of cherubs playing the lute and horn, the flute and lyre.

Half way down these towers on each side is an exquisite figure resting against its side, with a golden-stringed harp in its hand, one side male, the other female, which are among the most beautiful ornaments of the front.

The outline of these harping figures conducts the

eye easily to that part of the exterior of less height lying between these central towers and those that flank the extreme sides.

The central pipes have not yet arrived, and their place last night was filled by the flags of Wurtemberg and the United States, and other appropriate decorations.

At each extremity of the front are two lower towers, of different form, square in their outlines, so as to blend in better harmony with the architecture of the sides of the hall. These are also to contain other enormous pipes, which, by mischance have not yet arrived from Europe. The space which they will fill, is temporarily occupied by tasteful ornaments, in keeping with the whole structure. Between these towers and the central ones are rows of glittering pipes, all of the same highly polished metal, forming a most admirable contrast with the black walnut of which the structure is composed. The base of the whole case, below the feet of the great pipes, is elaborately decorated in its panels by carvings in the boldest relief, of groups of various musical instruments, while, at intervals, are giant caryatids of Atlantean proportions upon whose sturdy shoulders rests the ponderous mass or the lofty structure. At intervals are placed black marble tablets, bearing in letters of gold, the names of the great masters of harmony, Gluck, Mozart, Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, and others. To relieve the possible monotony of so great a mass of dark wood, various points of the carvings and architectural ornaments are gilded, thus lighting up the whole, and attracting the eye to portions which might otherwise pass unnoticed. With all this wealth of ornament (which it takes so many inadequate words to describe), there is no overloading. The great size of the organ prevents that, and the effect is the most chaste and faultless.

It would be an idle task to undertake to speak critically of the details of so great an instrument, on a single hearing, even under the hands of such skillful players. Suffice it to say that I heard no dissenting opinions, all agreeing as to its vast volume of tone, so evenly balanced through its entire compass, so full and rich in every part, and supported and sustained by the *pedale* of twenty stops; agreeing as to the beauty of tone of such individual stops as could be displayed on an occasion like this and as to the perfection of the mechanism which permitted a first performance marked by no accident and no failure.

In writing about this, the recollection of your correspondent cannot help going back seven years or more, and recalling the unwearied efforts of Dr. UPHAM (the President of the Music Hall Association), and the persistent industry with which he canvassed the city and neighborhood, for contributions of every amount, from every source to which he had access, to start a fund which he confidently assured everybody would give to Boston an organ unequalled upon this continent, and in some respects unsurpassed in Europe.

Such untiring energy and enthusiasm could hardly fail of ultimate success. He met everywhere a kindly welcome, and those who could not themselves subscribe, were glad to send the doctor to some friend more happily situated, who could contribute. So, in due time the subscription book was filled and the necessary arrangements were completed between the subscribers and the Music Hall Association, and the preliminary inquiries were set on foot in order to contracting for the work.

The labors of Dr. UPHAM did not end with the successful effort of raising the money. He then set himself to work to study the history and construction of the organ, examined all the principal instruments in this country, and visited the chief organ factories in our chief cities. A tour through Europe was nothing to him in his zeal to do thoroughly what he had taken in hand; so he went on an organ pilgrimage through England, France, and Germany, to hear all the great organs of the Old World and visit the famous workshops where they are made. The readers of "Dwight's Journal of Music" will recall with pleasure the account of this "Summer Tour among the Organs," with which they were favored from time to time during Dr. UPHAM's absence.

The result of these careful and laborious inquiries was a contract made with the Messrs. E. F. WALCKER & Co. of Ludwigsburg, whose greatest work, the organ in the Cathedral at Ulm, stands unapproached among the productions of modern organ-builders, and ranks with the greatest works of the master-builders of former days.

Seldom, indeed, is any enterprise so much indebted to any individual for its original conception, for the raising the necessary means for carrying it into execution, and for intelligent, enthusiastic direction and oversight of the work in general and in detail, from its beginning to its successful completion.

The beautiful case was constructed by the Brothers HERTER of New York, the germ of the plan being a design by HAMMATT BILLINGS of Boston, who was the first to recognize the improvements suggested by the artist builders, and to urge the adoption of their modifications of his plan.

Above the keyboard, in letters of gold, we read this inscription:

E. F. WALCKER & Co., Ludwigsburg,  
Kdm. Wurtemberg.

Begun February 1857, Finished Oct. 1863.

There it will stand perfect and complete, a worthy monument of the builder's fame, so long as time shall spare the walls within which it has been consecrated.

H. W.

### Gounod's "Faust"

(From the New York Times, Nov. 26.)

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—PRODUCTION OF GOUNOD'S OPERA OF "FAUST."—The "Faust" which M. Gounod has set to music, is not the exuberant dramatic production of Goethe, nor the simple, time-honored legend used by Spohr. It is the melodrama of MM. Barbier and Carré, of Niblo's Garden. The work, it will be remembered, retains many of the most striking situations of the original poem, but its plan, and its *dénoûment*, are different. Those who are familiar with the works of the great German poet, will perceive at once—from the synopsis which accompanies our remarks on the music—where the several divergences take place. M. Gounod's opera was produced in Paris nearly ten years ago. Its success was immediate, and its popularity has ever since been on the increase. Last night saw its production on the boards of our Academy, and witnessed a new success for the composer.

We will proceed to a consideration of the more prominent points of the work. In the first act *Faust*—old and decrepid—is discovered in his studio—an excessively uncomfortable apartment, by the way, with a megatherium in the corner, and a stuffed alligator overhead—bemoaning the vanity of human wishes, and the emptiness of existence. He determines to seek oblivion in death. Filling a goblet with poison, he is lifting it to his lips, when a chorus of village maidens is heard from without, and arrests his hand. The strain fascinates him for a moment; but when it ceases his gloom returns. He raises the beaker once more, and is again interrupted. This time it is a chorus of laborers singing of the bright sky, the fair earth, and the charms of labor. Rendered frantic by these demonstrations of an external world, of which he knows so little, *Faust* imprecates his fate, and calls upon Satan to come to his assistance. *Mephistopheles* thereupon makes his appearance, and a compact is entered into. *Faust* claims a new life, and is restored to youth, "on the usual terms." The musical plan of this act is ingenious, and the treatment good. The scholarly weariness, disappointment and despair of the philosopher—checked momentarily by the choruses we have referred to—are cleverly realized; although the choruses of themselves are singularly poor, and *Faust* is sometimes labored as well as learned in his musical agony. When *Mephistopheles* joins the scene, he comes like an old acquaintance. Gounod has evidently met him before, probably in "Der Freischütz" or "Robert le Diable." He (the Fiend) has peculiarities of his own, however, if not consistencies like *Caspar* and *Bertram* in the two last-named works. He is a sarcastic demon, a jocos and genteel devil, who sings acceptably and gets cruelly swindled at last. In the *duo* of the compact he is diabolically argumentative, and clinches the nail by a *tableau vivant* of the fair *Margherita*. She is at her spinning-wheel, and the orchestra gives us for the first time the melody that is subsequently heard in the garden-scene *duo* of the third act. The way in which Gounod has handled the rather slight materials of this act displays a valuable knowledge of stage effect. It is appropriate and skilful. The concluding *allegro* of the *duet* between *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* has no particular character of its own, and is barely up to the merit of the earlier portion of the piece. It was badly rendered last night.

The second act opens with the rustic festivities of the *Kermesse*. Students, soldiers, burghers,

maidens and matrons are enjoying themselves. *Valentine*, the brother of *Margherita*, joins them. He is going to the wars, and all his friends crowd around him to give assurance of their friendship, and the promise of protection to *Margherita*, should she ever need it. *Mephistopheles* mixes with the party, volunteers a song, and sings in praise of gold, (*Dio dell' Or, del mondo Signor*). After this his conduct is exceedingly reprehensible. He affronts the students, and endeavors to excite a riot. They try to get rid of him with the points of their swords, but the fiend surrounds himself with a magic circle, beyond which the steel cannot penetrate. It is only when the students turn the cross of their swords toward him that he flees in dismay. From this point the festivities are resumed. During their continuance, *Faust* catches his first glimpse of *Margherita*, and speaks to her a few sentences of flattery which she does not afterwards forget. The variety and picturesqueness of the action in this *Kermesse* scene are very pleasing, and have been seized with great effect by the composer. The opening chorus of students, burghers, etc., referred to above, is already famous. The leading theme is fresh, sparkling and spirited, whilst the internal construction of the whole is unusually interesting. It gives scope and a certain degree of originality to all the characters on the stage. The phrases for the soldiers, for the citizens (a shabby set of Jews) and for the students are distinctive, yet they blend agreeably into the brilliant whole. *Mephistopheles's* rondo in praise of the golden calf is savage and cynical, but possesses vigor. The best part of the scene with the students is where they succeed in subduing *Mephistopheles* with the hilts of their swords. This is effective and novel. Quiet but impressive traits of infernal relish for mischief are noticeable in every action of the potentate outside the tavern. The *finale* to the act, and the most popular number in it, is the waltz and chorus (*come la brezza*). Of the dance it is sufficient to say that it would do credit to any composer—especially to Flotow, from whom it is partly borrowed. It is lively, graceful and well marked. The animation of the *finale*, of which it is a part, is indeed irresistible, and in its way perfect. What with the chorus accompanying the dancers, and the ballet tripping to the waltz, and the little episode of *Faust* meeting *Margherita* amongst the peasants, the scene is literally crowded with excitement and contrast. The passages between the hero and heroine are very brief. He offers her his arm in a courtly *andantino*, and receives a rebuff in one of the most exquisitely graceful and proudly appropriate passages of the opera.

The third act deals exclusively with the celebrated garden scene of the poet. *Siebel*, the accepted suitor of *Margherita*, enters. He sings (the part is played here by Mlle. Sulzer) some couplets (*Parlatele d'amore*) while gathering flowers for a bouquet, which he leaves as an humble offering to his sweetheart. The melody is simple, unadorned and touching. It is followed by the cavatina of *Faust*. Left for a moment to himself, the rejuvenated philosopher is inspired with the scene of *Margherita's* virtuous and happy home. He apostrophizes the humble dwelling in an exquisite solo (*Salvi dimora casta e pura*). The thoughtfulness of the philosopher, and the honest aspirations of a generous lover, are beautifully blended in this wonderful composition. Sentiment and expression pervades every note, and this, too, despite the fact that the melodic line is not always clearly defined. Perhaps this obscurity was intentional. It certainly contributes to, rather than detracts from the effect. The moral impression of *Faust's* reflections is soon dispelled by *Mephistopheles*, who enters with a casket containing jewels, which he places beside *Siebel's* modest offering of flowers, and withdraws to see which bait will be taken. In the next number we are introduced to *Margherita*. Her mind still dwells on the youth she has encountered at the *Kermesse*, and who there offered her his arm. She tries to purge it of this dangerous curiosity, but throughout the legend which she sings, the incident recurs to her mind, and disturbs her song. These little interruptions dis-

play much ingenuity, and give dramatic interest to the melody. The *chanson* is on Goethe's well-known ballad: "Es war ein Koenig in Thule." It is written in a minor key, and gains what interest it possesses from being thoroughly singable in melody and perfectly square in form. The conclusion of the scene, where *Margherita* finds the flowers of her old lover, and the jewels of her new one—accepting the latter—is strangely inferior. It is a trivial waltz subject, possessing neither novelty of idea nor freshness of treatment and far beneath the average of the act. The scene between *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* in which the wily strategist informs the lady of the death of her husband, is excellently contrived, and the subsequent quartet in which *Faust* and *Margherita* join this interesting couple, and both pairs, according to their separate fashions, engage in the arduous task of making love, displays again the happy dramatic instinct possessed by the composer, which, if it does not lead to any new and startling combinations, as it sometimes does with other composers, is used with singular freedom from embarrassment. The love duet between *Faust* and *Margherita* (*Tardi si fa addio*) is built on the theme introduced in the vision of the first act. It is a melodious and lovely inspiration, which, from its earnest feeling, will make its way to every heart. The orchestral treatment is very noticeable, especially in this part of the act. An *agitato* concludes the duet. It is its weakest feature. The act closes with *Margherita's* scene at the window. With small and unimportant exceptions, it is from beginning to end grand in conception and superb in execution. Delicacy of feeling and elevation of thought are combined in it to a wonderful degree. If the whole of the music were equal to what we find in the third act, "*Faust*" would be the finest opera ever written. (!) It is not far from being so even now. (!)

The fourth act opens with a scena for *Margherita* expressive of her determination to seek refuge from the jeers of her own sex in the church. The scene at the church naturally follows, and her temptation by, and triumph over, *Mephistopheles* are described. The piece is very quiet and fine. *Valentine's* return affords an opportunity for a military *fanfare* and a soldiers' chorus—both destined to be heard on Broadway for evermore. They are very spirited, but moulded in a somewhat common form. Whilst the warrior is in his sister's town-house *Mephistopheles* makes his appearance and sings a serenade of a jeering and grinning sort. *Valentine* rushes out and demands from whom he is to receive satisfaction for his sister's wrongs. *Faust*, who is with his familiar, draws his sword and the trio of the duel commences. This, like the tenor cavatina, is a small masterpiece. To the musicians it must always be a study; so perfect are its proportions, so admirable its plan, so unequalled its effects. The death of *Valentine* forms the *finale* to the act. Although not comparable in any way to the trio, it is a pathetic and even poetic realization of a catastrophe that deprives *Margherita* of her senses and never fails to grieve and shock the audience.

The fifth act is confined to the prison scene. *Margherita* is in duance on the charge of having slain her offspring. Her reason wanders, and this affords an opportunity to the composer to indulge in reminiscent snatches of the melodies heard in the earlier acts of the opera. The *duo finale* is between herself and *Faust*. *Margherita* dies and goes up to Heaven on the high notes of the violin. (!) *Faust* repents him of his sins, falls on his knees and prays for forgiveness. The poor devil, *Mephistopheles*, who has been at a great deal of trouble in the business, is shamefully cheated out of his dues. Of the fifth act we need only add that it is short, and is remarkable chiefly for a striking recognition of Meyerbeer's style in treating similar subjects.

In manner rather than matter, there are frequent traces of well-known masters in M. Gounod's score. Sometimes they come to us in the shape of harsh modulations, and dreary, drawling intervals, as in Wagner; sometimes in the use of the violins, as in Meyerbeer; and sometimes in weird combinations of the wood instruments, as

in Mendelssohn. But these indications of a studious and retentive mind, are far too slight to detract from the general and unquestionable merit and originality of the opera, as a whole. M. Gounod has produced a work of singular interest. That he is a musician of the ripest knowledge, cannot for a moment be questioned; that he possesses an instinct for what is popular, as well as a sense of that which is artistic and good, is also certain. His dramatic aptitudes, too, are remarkably quick. It is safe to say that not a single "situation" in the play has been lost for want of a perception of its value. In the use of the orchestra he is judicious and effective, without being extravagant. We know of no composer who can claim much superiority over him in this respect. "*Faust*," indeed, although unequal in its parts, deserves to be regarded as the most gratifying addition to operatic music that has been made during the past fifteen years. If—as its success would indicate—it is the pioneer work of a new school of French opera, then we may hopefully look to France for that *juste milieu* of intellectual dignity and emotional warmth which Germany has sought for in vain, and Italy is not destined to supply.

## Musical Correspondence.

(The first two letters were necessarily omitted in our last number.)

HARTFORD, CONN., NOV. 23.—MAX STRAKOSCH has been here with his troupe—Mr. GOTTSCHALK, Mme. STRAKOSCH, CARLO PATTI and Mr. BEHRENS.—Touro Hall was filled at their Concert, of course. Gottschalk was captivating;—but why does he always make a "ninny" of himself, whenever he takes his place at the Piano-forte before an audience—by the nervous attempts to disrobe his fair fingers of those close-fitting "kids"—giving them (his fingers) an imaginary plunge bath—rubbing and wringing the while—and then turning them out for a general "airing" over the keys? It may suit those of a more exquisite taste, but as a general thing it disgusts more than it pleases. THALBERG was charming in this particular—bowing in that graceful and respect commanding manner—carelessly resting his ungloved hand over the back of a chair, or an edge of the Piano-forte,—then quietly seating himself and performing at once the piece which he had announced upon his programme. However, one is Gottschalk, and the other is Thalberg,—that's all.

The new compositions of Mr. Gottschalk did not seem to "take" with the audience—and it was not until he played (with Mr. Behrens) his well-known Duet, "Ojos Criolos"—that he brought his listeners up to any just pitch of enthusiasm—although he had before played Weber's Overture to "Oberon," arranged for the Piano, with Mr. Behrens. He was again encoored after his brilliant and sparkling "Cuban-eyed duet," and performed his arrangement of "Home, sweet home"—producing that remarkable singing effect, which he seems lately to have introduced into his playing. Some one has told me that Mr. Gottschalk interpreted classical compositions very finely in private; why won't he do something of the kind in public, once in a while? It would certainly be acceptable in Hartford.

Carlo Patti played upon the violin delightfully, and was encoored. Mme. Strakosch was also encoored, but for what, I do not know. Surely not for sweetness of voice, nor for the purity of her pronunciation in the English songs she sung. I hope she will let poor "Kathleen Mavourneen" rest awhile before she again attempts to awake her from her slumbers.

Mr. GRAU's new company have also given an operatic Concert at Allyn Hall the last week—with rather poor success in the way of a house. Mme. LORINI (not Virginia Whiting,) sang finely; but Mlle. MORENSI (an American lady) was the favorite during the evening—being encoored nearly every time she appeared. MORELLI was very much liked.



Mlle. CASTRI had a sweet, sympathetic voice, but was ill. Sig. STEFANI, the tenor, seemed to be in bad voice: singing as though he was suffering from a spasmodic contraction of the epiglottis. The concert upon the whole was not the best which we have had of late—the singers not knowing their parts sufficiently—two performers looking at one copy—and the poor (not in ability) accompanist having “daggers” looked at him because he didn’t play just when they took it into their heads to sing.

We are to have a grand treat next week, Dec. 1st, —on which evening our “Beethoven Society” will perform “Elijah,” for the first time in Hartford, with a chorus of over a 100 voices, assisted by Dr. GUILLMETTE and the “Germania” orchestra from Boston. Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT is the contractor, Mr. WM. BABCOCK, organist.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 20.—The German Opera troupe has been here three weeks and has performed *Martha* (twice), *Stradella* (twice), “Joseph in Egypt,” *Der Freyschütz*, the “Barber of Seville,” *Fidelio* (twice), and Gounod’s *Faust*. As but one of these works is new, curiosity was chiefly directed to the manner in which the different operas were brought out. There was naturally a great desire to learn how the new members of the company would compare with the singers they replaced. In judging of the merits of the ladies and gentlemen introduced to the American public by Mr. Anschütz, regard must be had to the fact, that to induce great artists to leave lucrative positions in order to accept engagements involving a long voyage and promising poorer pay, is very difficult if not impossible. For though Mr. Anschütz’s undertaking has proved a success, he could have been imprudent had he ventured too much while German opera was yet an experiment. Under these circumstances, it were unfair to expect vocalists far above mediocrity.

Herr HIMMER (tenor) made his first bow in Flotow’s *Martha*. Audiences are indulgent with tenors, so rarely is an excellent one vouchsafed us, and would have been satisfied with an artist of less merit than Himmer. He has a powerful voice, and, though affected and unnatural at times, is a clever actor. The other tenor, Herr HABELMANN, has less power but sings with better taste, and is a more judicious actor than Himmer.

Another new arrival is Madame HIMMER-FREDERICK. Her rendition of the part of Nancy, in *Martha*, was fair but not good enough to lead one to expect that as Agatha in the *Freyschütz* she would prove so much better. Undoubtedly, her greatest success, thus far, was Margaret.

Then there is Mme. CANISSA, who is weak in difficult parts and out of tune in every part that she sings.

The new baritone, Herr STEINECKE, is an excellent artist. It were unfair to pass judgment on his voice, as during the entire season he appears to have been suffering from a severe cold.

Last year, the orchestra and chorus were so well drilled, that those who were used to the slipshod manner in which former operatic choruses and orchestras went through their work, pronounced them perfect. These important adjuncts (or essentials) merit the same compliment this season. If there be any room for improvement, it is in the number of the violins.

The great card of the season was Gounod’s *Faust*. The libretto is nearly the same as the *Faust* and *Marguerite* that was performed here a few years ago as a melo-drama.

The opera is conceived in the spirit of the modern French school. There are elaborate orchestral accompaniments, with melodic sprinklings that remind one more of the counterpoint of the Italian opera-writers, than of the German composers, though it is often claimed that Gounod’s *tendenz* is German. It is difficult to pronounce on such an opera on a first

hearing, and I shall indulge in no criticism of special parts, but confine myself to the general impression that the work made upon me. Gounod evidently aims high, and is a man of great musical attainments. He seems to have drawn his inspiration from the same foundation as Meyerbeer, but did this after M. had already been there. A critic in one of our journals, compares the styles of the two authors, setting *Faust* against *Dinorah*, the weakest, perhaps, of Meyerbeer’s successes.

There is in *Faust* sufficient scope for brazen diatonic dissonances; there are several spirited choruses, and there is much that will improve on further acquaintance.

To treat a work like Goethe’s *Faust* as an opera, is a most ungrateful task; one on which a composer should venture with great care. The attempt to embody the ideal, to present tangible types, or counterfeits of those spiritual creations that find one great source of the delight they afford us in the grandeur with which our imagination clothes them, is always a failure. Is it likely that the music of a Gounod can add to the excellence of a work like Goethe’s? And if that which is added be not equally as good, in its way, is not the addition a senseless one? Would it increase the beauty of a fine painting to cover it with a veil? Would it not lessen the force of the impression that the uncovered picture would produce? Would you not conclude that your picture would be better without the covering? And, by parity of reasoning, that Goethe’s *Faust* would be better without, than with Gounod’s music?

It is true that the libretto of the opera I write of is but the skeleton of the play that Germania gave to the world because England gave it Hamlet. This makes it the more unpleasant. When, last Wednesday, I gazed upon the tableau of the apotheosis of Margaret, the muslin clouds, the colored fire, and the gilt rays of a miniature sun, reminded me of a Christmas pantomime, and I could easily understand why Lamb said that he would rather read Shakespeare’s plays than see them acted on the stage.

In truth, the tragedies of Shakespeare, of Goethe or of Schiller are not adapted for operatic treatment. There are, in each and all of them, situations in which music might be introduced in some such way as Beethoven has done with Goethe’s *Egmont*, or Mendelssohn with the “Midsummer Nights’ Dream.” Intellectuals like Beethoven or Mendelssohn would approach the task with such reverence that their music-offering to the drama would be worthy of it. M. would not have longed so anxiously for the subject for an opera, had he dared to venture upon the sea in which Verdi and Gounod flounder so pitifully.

I have just seen Mr. WOLFSOHN’s prospectus and programme, and found it rich with the names of such works and authors as must please the most fastidious of musical purists. Mr. W. will have the assistance of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, of New York, and Messrs. EICHBERG and KREISSMANN of your city, besides Messrs. AHREND, SCHMITZ, and other excellent resident musicians. He announces a Soiree for the 24th.

Messrs. CROSS and JARVIS will begin their series next month. Miss BARNETCHE (of New York) is giving matinees. Mr. GRAU promises to favor us with two operatic concerts, and, to-morrow evening, the German company will give a concert, when their orchestra will play Beethoven’s C Minor symphony!

Nov. 21. I open my letter to add that I was one of that select audience of fifty-four persons who were sprinkled over the auditorium of the opera house this evening, and who represented that fraction of our population who care enough about a symphony of Beethoven’s to leave their home during a shower for the sake of hearing it. I am sure that taste improves with us. Three hundred years ago, Beethoven’s symphonies were not played in Philadelphia. Now they are, and one man out of every ten thousand attends the performance.

NEW YORK, DEC. 8.—Maretzek closed his brilliant and successful season with three performances of Gounod’s “Faust.” The general impression at its first performance was a somewhat unfavorable one, but a better acquaintance with it has ranked it among the most meritorious and popular of operas.

The plot (See third page) is a very interesting one, and presents several very fine situations and tableaux. Miss KELLOGG, as Margaret, or more happily Margherita, has a sweet, plaintive rôle, and renders it with unaffected grace and simplicity. In the solo “C’era un re, un re di Thule,” as well as the duo with Mazzoleni in the second act, she secures the most profound stillness and attention, which seems almost painful, so plaintive is the melody. MAZZOLENI, as Faust, has but an ordinary opportunity to display his fine vocal power. BIACHI, as Mephistopheles, draws the honors of the opera. His rôle is one of great merit, and his performance is unexceptionable. The overture and choruses are very fine, and the opera is already popular. We shall soon have the opportunity of hearing it from the German company.

Carl Anschütz opened a season of German opera at the Academy of Music on Wednesday last, with “Alessandro Stradella,” and has given the “Barber of Seville,” “Fidelio,” and last evening “Martha.”

It was evident upon the opening night, that the building was entirely too large, to be filled either by the paying patrons of the German opera, or the voices of his artists. The house was meagre and chilly, and the performance was hardly satisfactory, save the efforts of the orchestra and chorus, which Anschütz always makes the feature of his enterprise. Mme. JOHANNSEN, Mme. BERGER, Mlle. CANISSA, Herren HIMMER, HABELMANN, STEINECKE, GRAFF, WEINLICH and SCHULE, are the prominent members of his company, and some are very clever and meritorious artists.

It is to be hoped that Anschütz will succeed with his undertaking, but it is quite evident that the people do not love German opera well enough to enjoy it at his price. The tariff of prices as charged during the Italian season remains unchanged, and it would be much better policy for Anschütz to reduce it by one half.

On Saturday, Irving Place was the theatre of no less than four performances. THOMAS’S Matinée at 12, Philharmonic rehearsal at 3½, “Fidelio” by the German troupe, and Band Concert by the 71st Reg’t. at 8 o’clock. To show the pleasing nature of Theo. Thomas’s concerts, I transcribe the programme of the last one.

1. Symphonie in A minor, Op. 15. Gade.
2. Grand Fantasia de Concert. “Martha.” Pattison.
3. Polka Fantasia. Herzog.
4. Grand selections from Faust, (by request). Gounod.
1. Overture. “Seige of Corinth.” Rossini.
2. La Campanella. Liszt.
3. Waltz. “Gedankenflug.” Strauss.
4. Romanza: “L’Elair.” Halévy.
5. Quadrille. “Kuenstler.” Strauss.

At the matinee on Saturday next, Mr. Pattison will perform Mendelssohn’s *Capriccio in B minor*, with orchestra, and also a “Grand Concert Overture” of Mr. Pattison’s composition.

Maretzek is in Philadelphia doing well “Ione” and “Norma” the rage. T. W. M.

## Dwight’s Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 12, 1863.

### The Choral Inauguration.

The union of Handel and Haydn chorus, orchestra and Great Organ on Saturday evening, Nov. 28, was so impressive and so glorious, that the concert had to be repeated last Sunday evening. For convenience we shall speak of the two performances as one, inasmuch as they did not

differ very essentially either in the programme, which was the same with one short omission (and still too long, though excellent), or in artistic quality of rendering, or in audience, large on both occasions, yet (strange to say) not filling every seat. The chief difference on Sunday was in the seating of the singers and in the spectacle. The orchestra of 40 instruments (SCHULTZE at their head) occupied the middle of the platform before the Organ, at which sat Mr. LANG. The Soprano and Alto were grouped in curved lines upon either side; and rising behind them, tier on tier, on a temporary staging, the tenors and basses tided back into the side balconies, making a fine sight, with the majestic Organ in the background, its lower corners only being obscured. On the second occasion the chorus occupied a still loftier and wider amphitheatre, built for the concert of the 1200 school children, and the platform came much farther forward into the hall whereby the sound, especially of the orchestra, told more effectively. The Organ, too, shone out for the first time in all the glory of its front pipes, the missing ones having at length arrived; five of them filled the central field, behind Bach's head, where had been flags; and a large one in each of the square end towers, made the front, hitherto abridged of part of its effective width, shine all along the line. Naturally the last performance is the freshest in the mind, while it was in some respects the better of the two, and therefore our remarks will mainly date from that.

The old Handel and Haydn practice of "playing in" the chorus singers was wisely discontinued, and the first sounds of the programme fell fresh upon ears not already dulled by music never listened to as music. And the first burst was overwhelming:—full chorus of three or four hundred voices, full organ, and full orchestra, all blending *fortissimo* in Luther's Choral: "A strong castle is our Lord," with which the "Religious Festival Overture" by Otto Nicolai begins for its subject. The volume of tone was immense, the colossal basses of the organ filling in behind and buoying all up, while its upper tones as well as the orchestral instruments added piquancy and brightness; the voices seemed not only firmly held in their places but enriched by such support, and the sonorous ensemble was as round and musical and fresh as it was startlingly grand and powerful. Then followed the long symphonic part by orchestra alone, quaintly old and contrapuntal after Handel's style, working up the theme and fragments of the theme, and working in after a while a new and livelier subject with the Choral, the voices and organ coming in again at intervals. It is a learned and an interesting composition, such as few would have expected from the author of the sparkling comic opera: "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" but it was too long, considering what was to follow, and our orchestra is hardly large enough, coming after such a *tutti*, to make it sound otherwise than feebly. (O that Boston had an orchestra half as good for an orchestra, as the Organ is for an organ!) Under the circumstances we would have been content with the Choral *pure et simple*.

Then came Handel's *Hallelujah* chorus, which of course rolled out in grander volume than ever before, but which, being so familiar, was well spared on Sunday evening.

The grand feature of the first part was Handel's music to Dryden's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, composed in 1736, never before heard in this country. It is not one of Handel's great works, but it is full of genial and delightful music, it is moderate in length, hardly an hour, and it was

peculiarly appropriate to the opening of our Great Organ, not to speak of other coincidences with our case as a people just now. Partly one enjoys it as a curiosity, but much of it also for a certain real characteristic and unique beauty as music, speaking to the higher feelings. The accompaniments were transcribed for this occasion for the Organ, alone, by Mr. Lang. This was interesting as an exhibition of the various fine powers of this Organ in the accompaniment of voices, although we shall not be so rash as to say that it could fully make good the want of an orchestra. Mr. Lang certainly showed fine skill and taste in the selection of stops and in the general treatment. Each piece held the pleased attention; and that even through the somewhat stiff and antique Handelian Overture, which, opening with a broad and stately *Larghetto* (oboe tones predominant), passes into a quaint fugued Allegro (given with trumpet stop), and ends with a rather slow naive sort of Minuet, with a series of variations, in which Mr. L. contrasted the stops quite charmingly.

The first words: "From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony, this universal frame began," are given in recitative by a tenor voice, which continues, with descriptive accompaniment, in the lines

When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay, &c.,  
The tuneful voice was heard: Arise!  
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry  
In order to their station leap  
And music's voice obey;

which last thought is accompanied by little dancing jack-o'-lantern phrases of the instruments, the whole somewhat as Haydn might have written. Mr. LYMAN W. WHEELER showed himself master of the true, chaste recitative style, together with a voice of good power, pure and sweet in quality. The recitative was a good test of the refined intelligence as a singer which he evinced throughout the evening. Then the chorus, in D major, takes up the theme: "From Harmony," with ringing, fresh sonority, the different voices running octaves up and down upon the words: "Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran," and tenors and basses consolidating in grand unison on: "The diapason closing full in Man." How heartily Handelian this!

The next piece is a Soprano air, slow, sweet, full of a subdued and quiet rapture:

What passion cannot music raise and quell?  
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
His listening brethren stood around,  
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell,  
To worship the celestial sound,  
Less than a God, they thought, there could not dwell,  
Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

It is preceded by some length of instrumental symphony, hinting the principal motives both of melody and accompaniment which follow. One figure, quaintly rendered by a soft dull stop on the organ, well answered to the "chorded shell." It was sung with purity of tone and truth and delicacy of feeling by Miss HOUSTON, whose noble voice, alike remarkable for sweetness, largeness, flexibility and sympathetic quality, has been much improved of late by culture. She is now an artistic singer, and can adapt her voice to various subjects. True feeling of her music, the instinct of seizing its poetic points, she always had.

From this gentler mood we are roused by: *The trumpet's loud clangor*. Tenor air and chorus. The trumpet stop of the "Great" organ rang out lustily in prelude and accompaniment, and Mr. Wheeler's voice, though not of the most trumpet-toned, did its herald duty well, uttering the *hark! hark!* and the *charge! charge!* with much declamatory energy. The chorus came in splendidly and *charged* all along the line, with even step, unflinching, full of spirit, the quick reiteration of "The double, double, double beat of the thundering drum" being quite suggestive, and the great basses of the organ thundering to some purpose in the pauses between the *harks!*

A short march follows, somewhat in the large and simple style of Gluck, well rendered here by round, full organ stops.

The song of "The soft complaining flute," and "woes of hopeless lovers, whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute," warbles itself away in ornate figures after the quaint old cut, giving scope for various fine flute tones in the organ, offset by stringy tones (*Salicional, Dolce, &c.*) in which this organ is so rich, to answer for the lute, and taxing the powers of a modern singer. Miss Houston executed it tastefully, albeit with a slight timidity.

The Tenor sings the air of the "Sharp Violins," which the poet couples here with "jealous pangs and desperation, fury, frantic indignation," and all that. A curious piece, with wide, impassioned intervals and quaint figures, in which the singer acquitted himself as only a well taught singer could.

From this point the ingenious imitations are pretty much dispensed with, and the music rises to a nobler height and there sustains itself. For now comes the great theme of the Ode, the praise of the Organ, the praise of St. Cecilia, of Music, and "the great Creator's praise." Henceforth the Soprano is always in the foreground. First, after a slow, cheerful-solemn prelude in full, round organ tone, the air: "But oh! what art can teach the sacred Organ's praise?" A strain—pure, chaste, simple, sustained, heavenly melody, demanding the best art and soul of *cantabile* singing, and in that respect as well as in its phraseology resembling Mozart's *Deh vieni, non tardar*, which Mme. Goldschmidt sang divinely. Miss Houston sang as if such an ideal reigned in her mind, her best voice seconding the spirit in which she sang, and went right to the heart. Violin tone went with the voice, full organ tone filling the pauses.

Imitation returns again for a moment to illustrate the point of the poet and the Soprano, which is to contrast the ruder music of classical days of fable:

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
And trees unrooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre,

with the Christian music which claims Cecilia as its patron saint and muse. The Orpheus air is marked *alla Hornpipe*, and is a sort of snarling bagpipe strain, which Mr. Lang cleverly imitated by a reed stop. The form of the melody is essentially "sequacious," drawn out in linked sequences and curling roulades. This is a momentary descent from the dignity of the last part of the Ode; but a loftier tone is struck, and the change is like looking suddenly up into a clear Christmassy with all the stars out, the moment the Soprano begins her recitative: "But bright Cecilia raised the wonder high, when to her organ vocal breath was given." The Finale (solo and chorus) is sublime and worthy of the words:

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sang the great Creator's praise  
To all the blessed above;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.

Each line at first is given out in large, sustained high tones by the Soprano unaccompanied, and then answered with the full weight of all the voices in plain harmony with figurative accompaniment of full organ. The effect is wonderful. Still more so when a shadow falls upon the music at the mention of "the last and dreadful hour," and still more so when the Soprano soars to and firmly holds the high A on the last syllable of: "The trumpet shall be heard on high." Miss Houston's voice was nobly adequate to all this. The last two lines furnish two contrasted subjects, which



are worked together with contrapuntal skill and increasing interest and grandeur in an elaborate chorus. "The dead shall live, the living die" is given in short declamatory phrases by one set of voices, while "And Music shall untune the sky" is sung by the others in a free and flowing melody, all combining sometimes on the declamatory notes.

The choruses were all given with precision, spirit and a generous sonority. We could wish, however, more weight on the contralto side, and less of shrill edge, more of the refined and cultivated tone on the part of the sopranos.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which formed the second part, is too well known and justly admired to require us to go into any detail. Suffice it to say, we never have enjoyed it with such complete zest as on those two evenings. Never, surely, was it so well rendered here. All its grandeur and its beauties came out clear and unmistakable. The orchestra (which we of course all wish were larger) gave the three admirable movements of the introductory Symphony in such a way that all felt the warmth, the soul, the imaginative beauty of the music. The choruses, filled out and sustained by the deep, full flood of the great Organ tone, with lively orchestral skirmishing in the foreground, moved on compactly, grandly, and with such momentum as to mark a new era almost in our chorus singing. Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN was throughout master of the situation and must have felt proud of his army. The solos were all very finely sung by Miss HOUSTON and MR. WHEELER: Mrs. FISKE seconding the former quite well in the duet: "I waited for the Lord." In the thrilling passage: "The night is departing!" Miss Houston's voice rang out more triumphantly than ever on Sunday evening, electrifying the audience.

#### Chamber Music.

MESSRS. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG gave the first Soirée of this their second season at Chickering's Hall last Saturday evening. And a delightful evening it was; with the union of three such artists, in so choice a programme as they know how to make, and their artistic pride in making the best that they know how, it could not be otherwise. This was the bill of fare:

1. Sonata in G major, for Violin and Piano, Op. 30, No. 3. Beethoven
- Allegro assai, Tempo di Minuetto, Vivace.
2. a. Mondnacht. Schumann
- b. Widmung. R. Schumann
3. Romanza in F major, for Violin, Op. 50. Beethoven
4. Siciliano, in G minor, for Violin and Piano. S. Bach
- a. Gewitternacht. R. Franz
- b. Die Harende. Schumann
- c. Frühlingsliebe. Schumann
6. a. Nocturne, Op. 99. Chopin
- b. Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1. Chopin
7. Trio, Op. 100, in E♭ major, for Violin, Piano and Violoncello. Schubert
- Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzando and Allegro moderato.

The Beethoven Sonata has all the fresh warmth and imaginative free play of his earlier style, and was finely rendered by Eichberg and Leonhard. This and the Schubert Trio were the great things of the evening. In the latter they had the valuable aid of WULF FRIES with his Cello; and all the fine inspirations of that marvellous work, whose several movements swarm with fascinating and original ideas, such as no other musical brain since Beethoven seems to have been so haunted with, were brought out with a true artistic skill and fervor. It seemed to us that Leonhard had never played so well; and indeed we might extend the praise to all he did that evening. Sometimes we have had to tax him with treating his music too much *ad libitum*, even to a degree of wilfulness not edifying nor poetic; but there was no cause to think of that this time; he was faithful to his author, not by any scrupulous constraint, but happily and freely, entering into the spirit of the work, and playing with that fine and vital touch, that easy subordination and faultless mechanical detail to expression, which showed that the work possessed him, making him its organ. With such interpretation the *Novellette* of Schumann and the Nocturno of Chopin, both new to the audience, and both wonderful fine and characteristic fancies, and very difficult, proved extremely fascinating.

In the accompaniment of the Franz and Schumann *Lieder* Mr. Leonhard showed a poetic appreciation and a facility such as only one artist here may have surpassed. Mr. Kreissmann was in fine voice and sang the songs with all his usual fine intelligence and feeling, the voice being all that could be desired except once or twice when forced a little. The "Mondnacht" (Moonlight Night) of Schumann is a most lovely, exquisite creation, lifting one's soul to a purer and serenest atmosphere. "Widmung" (Self-dedication, or Homage of the lover to the beloved), beginning *Du meine Seele, du mein Herz!* is better known, a fervent, rapturous love song, soaring beyond Beethoven's *Adelaide*, if that were possible. The wild, impetuous "Gewitternacht" (Night and thunderstorm) of Franz, with its lightning flashes of accompaniment, is almost too much for mortal voice, except at least in a small room, where it may fill and thrill all through and through; we only wondered that the singer could do so much with it. The other songs were altogether charming.

Mr. Eichberg, besides playing the violin part very finely in the Sonata and the Trio, played as solos Beethoven's Romanza in F, a good piece, and yet one that he to whom it is no longer new may easily get tired of before it is through, for it is long and has a certain sameness,—and the fresh little *Siciliano* of Bach, which always charms.—We missed his usual purity of tone in some parts of the former piece, and once or twice did think expression slightly overdone, although of course the general style was masterly.

The next Soirée of these artists is set down for next Saturday evening, the 19th.

#### The Children with the Organ.

The Musical Festival on Wednesday afternoon, when, by permission of the School Committee, 1200 children, out of the public schools, sang with the accompaniment of the Great Organ, was an occasion of which no words could fully express the interest and the significance. The significance of it is, that it identifies the artistic bow of promise, which that Organ stands for, with the whole educational aspiration of this free Republic as it takes form and beginning in those free common schools, which are the pride and beauty and salvation of our democratic life and liberty. It couples the artistic and the social promise from the very bud and germ, making school training and the opening of the artistic sense through Music, appear as necessary complements of one another; and therefore it was a wise instinct, and no mere folly of parade, that a few years ago invented this beautiful plan of interesting all the children, and their parents too, in music.

The scene, always a most ideal, memorable one, was doubly so this time. As the long files of girls and boys, entering in all directions, ascended quietly and orderly the tiers of staging rising on both sides of the Organ, till the farthest rows of heads in the first balcony were nearly hidden under the second, while five or six rows also filled a third part of the balcony above, it seemed like some great Catholic cathedral ceremony and procession; the more so, as bright warm colors abounded in the dresses of the girls, some groups of scarlet opera cloaks and shawls suggesting a whole college of cardinals, with altar boys, *et cetera*. But as they were all seated, still more, when they all rose to sing, with their fresh and handsome youthful faces, beaming with bright intelligence, blushing with the modest bloom of innocence, we could not help fancying ourselves once more before some of those pictures by Fra Angelico, or Lippo Lippi, where the whole sky and atmosphere about the Virgin, or whatever central figure, is full of heads of cherubs and child angels, all flushed with eager song of praise. Here the magnificent Organ temple formed the fitting centre and background, making the scene artistically and wonderfully complete. Good taste had dictated all the details of the arrangement; for instance the dark green covering of the seats relieving the red dresses so refreshingly. And the grey rows of boys, contrasting with the gay flower beds of their sisters—how

round all their faces looked, how bright too! they at least might have been cut out of the aforesaid old Italian paintings.

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER presided at the Organ, which was the only accompaniment. After a short voluntary all the children joined their voices in unison in a Gregorian Chant to the words of the Lord's prayer. The wide expanse of fresh, cool tone, rich, pure, even, tranquil, was something to renew one's sense. What could be more beautiful, more touching, for the brief time it lasted? This and the Russian National Hymn, that followed, were to our ear the most effective, and most beautiful of the *tutti* performances. "Hail Columbia" was bright enough, and steady enough and full of boy voice; but musically it made a poor pendant to the Russian tune.

Next came the Angel Trio from "Elijah": *Lift thine eyes*, sung by the advanced pupils of the Girls High and Normal School, 120 in number, fair fruits of Mr. ZERRAHN's special training, (who, by the way, conducted the whole with his usual enthusiasm). The voices blended very sweetly and purely, the three parts preserving their melodic outline well, and the lower contralto making together a rich round tone like an organ. Other organ there was none. The choral: "Let all men praise the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," did not sound so well as some chorals we have heard the children sing, either in sustained volume or in purity of tone; but then the unison was naturally their after hearing it so recently in harmony from 400 full-grown voices.

After an interlude of very acceptable Organ selections by Mr. Parker, we were treated to a curious and really beautiful effect, by the melody of the Prayer in *Freyschutz* being, not sung, but hummed as it were between the teeth of the 1200 children, very softly, swelling now and then with that peculiar stress of an insect hum approaching you—called in the bill "with muted voices." This is an effect which our German Liedertafeln sometimes indulge in. It charmed the audience, so remote and fairy-like it seemed, and had to be repeated. "Old Hundred," the audience joining in the last verse, made a grand conclusion of the concert.

We cannot help believing that, by simply forming part in such a beautiful impressive whole, partaking of a collective act so lyric and picturesque, the children's hearts are elevated, and the latent germ of "the Art principle" within them quickened. It must inspire the love of order, rhythm, unity in all things. And thus, with our higher means, with developed Art, it seems to bring Music back to the old Greek meaning of it as the rhythmical element, the soul of unity and order in the whole human culture.

This unique Festival will be repeated in the Music Hall this afternoon.

#### Music Abroad.

BOLOGNA, (so writes a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in whom we recognize our friend "Trova-tor") has always been a celebrated musical centre, and Rossini's predilection for the place induced him years ago to take up his abode here. A house-painter, engaged to decorate his house during the absence of Rossini, depicted in a series of exterior frescoes that admirable *maestro* as a semi-nude Orpheus enchanting both the animate and inanimate with his strains. The composer of the "Barbiere" was not remarkably pleased with this inconvenient adulation, which suddenly rendered his private residence one of the "sights" of the town.

The Teatro Comunale of Bologna is one of the most brilliant opera-houses in the world, far lighter and more elegant than most Italian theatres. The boxes are very large, luxuriantly fitted up, and each one provided with a projecting balcony, which most agreeably breaks the monotony of the lines of tiers. The audience dress elegantly, and the display of silks and jewelry, to say nothing of beautiful Italian Juli-ets, is something to remember, even to one accustomed to the elegance of dress and personal beauty exhibited so often at the New York opera, or to the ponderous brilliancy of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's. The opera season has just opened with "Rigoletto," sung by Lotti, *prima donna*, as graceful a woman as ever trod the stage, and a finished vocalist to

boot; by Cima, a good baritone; by Borchard, a contralto, a pleasing *Maddalena* to any one who has not been spoiled thereby for Adelaide Phillips's inimitable rendering of the part; and by Bignardi, the tenor, who was several years ago in New York, and who has made a great success here in Bologna, by his skilful, delicate singing, rather than a great excellence of voice. For the lighter operas few tenors are more satisfactory than this Bignardi, who was last night called five times before the curtain. At another theatre another opera company is soon to appear in *Favorita* with the American favorite, Gazzaniga, as *prima donna*. Albites, her husband, formerly a popular music teacher in New York, has something to do with the orchestra.

PARIS.—Of the new opera by Berlioz, *Les Troyens*, a flattering telegram appears in the *London Musical World* of Nov. 7; to-wit:

The new opera of Hector Berlioz was produced last night (Wednesday), at the Théâtre Lyrique, with brilliant success. After the first and third acts the enthusiasm was extraordinary. The grand septuor was unanimously asked for again. All the singers good, but Madame Charton (Dido) especially superb. The *mise en scène*, the most splendid ever witnessed at the Théâtre Lyrique. Band and chorus excellent. A genuine triumph for Berlioz.

FLORENCE.—Italian journals announce the engagement of Giulia Grisi at the Pergola. She is to make her debut in *Norma*. When will the "God-dess" learn that her divinity has passed away!

Gonno's *Faust* has been given in Florence by Stigelli, Boschetti, Atry, and Pizzigati. It was a great success, and the papers say it was impossible to give an idea of the enthusiasm created. The artists were repeatedly called to receive the applause of the public. Our friend Stigelli seems to be as much appreciated in Europe as he was here.

LEIPZIG.—There was a grand celebration here on the 18th Oct., in commemoration of the great battle in 1813. The Musical Societies sang a *Te Deum* to 30,000 persons assembled in the market place. Handel's *Hallelujah* and Luther's old hymn, "A strong tower is our God" were then sung by the whole assembly. Representatives from 150 German cities and the veterans of the war listened to an address in the Town Hall from the burgomaster; and then visited the chief points of interest in the battle field. Ten thousand persons joined in a torchlight procession in the evening and bonfires were lighted on the hills about the city.

MUNICH.—The Second Musical Festival was held here in September, in the Glass Palace, a building erected on the model of the first Exhibition Building in London. It was on a grand scale; five or six thousand persons present, including performers. There was a chorus of 1200 voices; and the orchestra was composed of 100 violins, 40 violas, 38 violoncellos, 30 double basses, 8 flutes, 6 oboes, 6 clarinets, 8 bassoons, 12 horns, 6 trumpets, 6 trombones, and 2 pairs of kettledrums. We have room for but a few sentences from the interesting account of it in the *Lower Rhine Musik-Zeitung*.

The concert began on the 27th of September, at eleven o'clock a. m. This hour was selected because the Glass Palace cannot be lighted, and because, on the same evening, an opera—and that opera Mozart's *Don Juan*—was given at the Theatre Royal, a thing never before heard of during a musical festival. The programme was made up of Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. All things considered, the gem of the first day's festival was the performance of the Symphony. We were somewhat incredulous as to whether the large number of executants would heighten the effect, from an artistic point of view, and still more, as to whether they would attain the precision and the delicate expression which this magnificent composition demands. But the piano and forte, the light and shade of the tone-picture, were rendered in exact conformity with the intention of the composer; just as were the increase and decrease of the waves of sound; as well as the *sforzatos*, the abrupt breaking off of the *fortissimo*, also, followed immediately by the piano, being given with great precision. The expression was, certainly, in many passages, seconded by the masses; nay, in several, it was the latter which made it so completely prominent.

After the brilliant inauguration of the festival by

the Symphony we had Handel's oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*. The selection of this work was, in the first place, justified by the admirable way in which it was executed, and then, more especially, by the fact that the large masses engaged could be employed to the greatest advantage in the numerous choruses.

The vocal solos in *Israel* were sung exclusively by local artists belonging to the Theatre Royal. The principal part of the chorus consisted, as we heard, of local members, the Akademie, the Oratorio Association, the Sängers-Genossenschaft, the chorus of the Royal Chapel, that of the Theatre Royal, and a great many amateurs, a large number of whom are continually being formed and improved, thanks to the performances of musical masses, which are here, luckily for music, so frequently given and so zealously attended in the churches.

The second Festival Concert, on Monday the 28th September, at 11 a. m., took place, like the first, in the Glass Palace. It began with a very admirable performance of a symphonistic work (in D minor) by Franz Lachner, and which, inappropriately enough, he has called a "Suite".

The Suite consists of four movements.—1. Prelude, a lively and richly-figured piece of writing, which at once introduces us to the peculiarity of the composition, by the treatment of the stringed instruments; 2. Minuet, distinguished for the originality of its motives; 3. Variations, which form, perhaps, somewhat too long a series for an orchestral work, although the changes in the tempo, the rhythm and the instrumentation, artistically deceive the hearer as to the length. These Variations are, in other respects, an admirable specimen of composition, not simply interesting on account of the knowledge and art exhibited in them, but melodically pleasing and expressive, being invested with a high charm by the employment of solo parts for the clarinet, the horn, etc., as well as the performance of separate stringed instruments in the full chorus, as, for instance, of all the violins, or all the violoncellos and violas. The Variations conclude with a march, effective more on account of its grandiose instrumentation than by the originality of its motives. Being executed, however, by such large numbers, it produced a powerful impression, which called forth tremendous applause and loud cheers for the composer. 4. Introduction and Fugue, the former in andante time, and the latter in majestic allegro—a piece of writing, into the strict form of which the master allows a gushing flood of free musical ideas to stream.

After this orchestral display, the second part of the concert opened, on the contrary, with a purely vocal work, devoid of all accompaniment. To sing a *capella* with so numerous a chorus is not only attended with great difficulties, but does not really produce an effect in keeping with the numbers employed. As we have already often experienced at great gatherings of male choruses, there exists for choral singing, as far as regards the executive masses, a limit above which the effect of those masses is increased very little, if it is increased at all, and while the *forte* is not much benefited if there are a thousand voices singing instead of four hundred, the difficulty of obtaining precision and characteristic expression is augmented. Certainly in Munich the eight-part motet by Palestrina, "Hodie Christus natus est," commenced imposingly, and it was a proper feeling which had selected one of the old master's compositions, adapted, as a Christmas cantata, by its dash, to the development of large masses; the precision and purity of intonation, too, were praiseworthy. But delicacy of expression was, as a rule, wanting.

Next followed a scene from the oratorio of *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, by Joseph Haydn, for contralto solo and chorus. The Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra, by Johann Sebastian Bach, again displayed the excellence of the united violin-quartet.

The finale to the second act of the opera of *Idomeneo*, on the other hand, once more afforded brilliant evidence of the eternal magic spell exercised by Mozart's music. The selection of this finale for performance at the Musical Festival was highly judicious. It was here, at Munich, that the greater part of *Idomeneo* was composed; it was here that, on the 18th January, 1781, Mozart completed it, and wrote, "Laud Deo! I have got over my task!"

The second part of the concert was brought to an end by Beethoven's March and Chorus, "Schmückt die Altäre," from the *Ruinen von Athen*, a fragment which, by its melodic loveliness and its clear harmonies, seemed to be a beautiful continuation of Mozart's music, and pleased universally. For the third part of the concert, the programme presented us with Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

The third day was celebrated by an evening concert, of which the chief features were Joachim's playing of Beethoven's violin Concerto, Mme. Schumann's performance of her husband's Concerto, and Mmc. Dustmann's singing.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rock me to sleep, mother. Ballad. *Lesta Vere.* 25

Thy mother will rock thee to sleep. *Lesta Vere.* 25

These two ballads, one responsive to the other, add two pretty songs to the pile of home musical literature, now, we are glad to know, already so thick on the top of many home pianos and melodeons. The words of the first song have been used before, but the music is new, and we cannot sing about "mother" too much or too often.

My bonny, bonny Mary, O! Song. *H. Hyatt.* 25

A smooth and cheerful melody.

President's Hymn. Song and Chorus.

*J. W. Turner.* 25

We here have the new hymn, which is hereafter to be a standard one, set to appropriate music. Sing it while it is fresh.

I know not how heaven will strike the blow. (Non sai che un nume.) From "*Robert Devereux.*" 75

Duet between Nottingham and his wife, the Duchess Sarah. Suitable for a barytone or tenor, and a soprano voice. Full of deep pathos and intense feeling.

We've left for the Union. Song. *F. Souder.* 25

Patriotic and spirited.

We are fairies of the sea. Duet. *S. Glover.* 50

An easy and elegant duet, smooth and melodious.

#### Instrumental Music.

Letty Lorne quickstep. *J. C. Johnson.* 25

An easy arrangement of a very "taking" air, one of those, which, when a person hears, he cannot be still, but must immediately begin to keep step to it. Pupils, in their second quarter, can learn it.

Zamora Waltzes. *J. Strauss.* 50

A set of brilliant waltzes in Strauss's well known style, hard, metallic, and without depth of feeling, but enlivening and dance-inspiring.

Il Bacio. (Valse de salon.) *Ketterer.* 50

Ketterer's arrangement of the ever favorite "Kiss," which everybody who can play it should know.

Mephisto Galop (for four hands). *Labitzky.* 50

Four hand pieces, as a rule, must possess the characters of power and brightness, as the use of double chords, by two performers, precludes much delicacy or tenderness. Hence a wide awake piece, like the above, is a good exhibition piece, and commended as such.

Good Humor schottische. *Kapper.* 25

Very good humored. Play it when you are tempted to be "out of sorts," for "music hath charms to soothe a cross person."

Absence. Nocturne. *B. Richards.* 35

It may be safely said that Richards has not yet composed an inferior piece.

#### Books.

Union Collection, for Violin and Piano. 50 cts.

Flute and Piano Duets. 50 cts.

These two similar works are favorites, already, and will come into increasing use when better known. Gentlemen who can play the flute or violin, are furnished with the means of passing agreeable evenings, in company with ladies who can play the piano.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



